

## Daughter of a Berserker

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Summary: In order to ensure the peace treaty, Chief Stoick agrees to allow the daughter of the Berserker's Chief to stay and train with the other teenagers in Berk. Iona is quiet and a master at throwing daggers but has no idea how to be a teenager. However, handling finding who she is and finding out that Hiccup has a dragon? Her life just got more complicated than tribe politics...

## Daughter of a Berserker

**\*\*Hey. I don't own HTTYD nor do I make a profit out of this. I love Hiccup and Astrid together, so I have nothing against them, I just wanted to explore a different 'ship'. I hope this is ok and please review if you like it.\*\***

It was the day after the raid and Hiccup had not left his father's side, not that he had much choice in the manner. He had been forced to put on new clothes and clean up. The whole village had dressed up but they were still anxious as everyone stood at the docks, watching as the Berserker ships sailed into port. Around him people muttered and gripped their weapons tightly as the Berserker's disembarked. Hiccup scowled and crossed his arms, he didn't know why it was so important that everyone greeted the Berserker's or even why they had to come. Stoick whacked Hiccup over the head as the Chief of the Berserker's strode towards them; two children on his left and his second in command on his right. Grasping hands, Stoick welcomed the other tribe.

"Welcome to Berk, Oswald, Chief of the Berserker's. We are pleased you could make it here."

Oswald smiled grimly and nodded his head, looking around at Berk with a critical eye.

"What happened Stoick? You seem to have had some trouble, are you sure this place is safe?" One of the children by Oswald laughed derisively. Hiccup glared at the kid in the funny helmet and the

deranged grin; Hiccup had a feeling that they wouldn't get along. This time it was Stoick's turn to scowl as he glared at the Berserker's.

"It is nothing. We just had a raid last night but we were able to manage it. Berk is perfectly safe as long as you know someone who can help ya'."

Oswald nodded his head again. Hiccup however had lost interest in their conversation and was instead looking at the second child. This was one looked younger than the first, around his own age, and was less heavily armoured. However a helmet covered their face completely and the child wore a cloak that swamped their figure. Hiccup was jolted out of his thoughts as he heard Oswald say,

"...Then I shall be off. I shall be back before winter begins to pick her up. I trust that my daughter will be safe here Stoick." Oswald turned to leave, but stopped and faced who Hiccup assumed was his daughter.

"Give me your helmet and cloak, there is no need for them here. I do not expect to come back and find that you have forgotten your training. I will be back before the ice sets in, you will behave or suffer my wrath. Understood?"

Hiccup watched in astonishment as the girl took off her helmet to reveal long chestnut hair and hazel eyes as she passed her cloak and helmet to her father. Her face was creased in a frown as she nodded sharply at her father. She stood silently as she watched them climb into the boats and sail away. Lightly, her hand rested on a dagger attached to her belt.

Stoick watched this interaction with interest. He had never liked Oswald but seeing as he blatantly threatened his daughter in front of their entire village made his blood boil. Clearing his throat, Stoick watched as the girl turned to face him, her face a carefully guarded mask as she bowed slightly at him.

"What is your name?"

Stoick was disturbed by the slip of her mask as shock flitted across her face. She swallowed harshly and tightened her grip on her dagger.

"You want to know my name?"

Stoick nodded slowly as the vikings behind him muttered in worry for the girl. Her eyebrows furrowed and she took a deep breath.

"I believe that my mother gave me a name when I was born. I think that it is Iona."

Hiccup couldn't believe that she didn't know her own name and apparently neither could everyone else. A flicker of unease and sympathy ran across everyone's faces. Stoick waved an arm in welcome towards Berk as he boomed out.

"Then welcome Iona, daughter of Oswald the Agreeable, Chief of the Berserkers. Now, I know that you must be feeling out of place so I think it would be best if you spent some time with people around your

own age."

Stoick shouted into the crowd and Iona watched as two girls her own age came forwards. They were both blonde and had their hair braided back. Stoick clapped a hand on each of their shoulders.

"This is Astrid and Ruffnut. They will look after you while you are here."

Iona smiled in thanks as the Chief walked away, leaving her with the two girls. The girl with the helmet stepped forwards first, a smirk adorning her face.

"I'm Ruffnut. You'll learn pretty soon that I'm all that anyone talks about around here. So if you stick with me then you'll be fine."

The other girl rolled her eyes and pushed Ruffnut out of the way by the horns on her helmet.

"Don't listen to what she says, everyone only talks about her and her twin brother when they're in trouble. I'm Astrid. Come on, We'll show you to where you'll be staying."

Iona smiled despite herself and found that she enjoyed the two girls company as they walked through the village. Slowly, they approached a house that stood slightly apart from all the others except for one that overlooked the entire village.

"Well, this is it. You'll stay here and you can get food from the Hall. We normally eat there everyday so we'll see you there in the morning."

Astrid smiled before pointing at the house on the hill.

"That's the Chief's house. He lives there with his son, Hiccup."

Ruffnut smirked and sniggered.

"Yeah, Hiccup the Useless."

Frowning, Iona looked from Ruffnut's smirking face to Astrid's annoyed one.

"I take it that Hiccup isn't very liked around here?" Iona asked cautiously as Astrid ground her teeth together and Ruffnut laughed again.

"All Hiccup does is end up destroying the village more than the dragons do. He makes these things that are supposed to help but always make stuff worse, not to mention he can't even pick up an axe. His dad is always upset with him."

Ruffnut barked with laughter. Frowning, Iona felt sorry for Hiccup.

"So he is ignored and ridiculed because he is different?"

Iona asked pensively as she glanced at Astrid's and Ruffnut's shocked and slightly ashamed faces.

End  
file.